

The Fun in Funeral by reddie_or_not

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Summary:

Richie and Eddie attend Eddie's funeral hosted by his ex-wife, Myra

The Fun in Funeral

There was only one thing Eddie Kaspbrak wanted to do after meeting up with his friends in Derry: get a divorce.

When he first met Myra, Eddie assumed they'd be together forever. Not because he particularly loved her or anything. More because he was straight and she was willing. When he first saw Richie Tozier in Derry and subsequently began remembering him, however, he realised he wasn't straight at all and he definitely made the biggest mistake marrying Myra. Richie made no secret about how he wanted Eddie come back to California with him and, after the whole Pennywise ordeal was over, Eddie could no longer deny how much he wanted to go.

He returned home to New York just to announce his intentions to his stunned wife. Myra had taken it as well as he'd expected. She'd tried every tactic she could think of to get him to stay - telling him he couldn't live without her, how much they needed each other et cetera. He hadn't mentioned a word about Richie to Myra, refusing to drag him into this. He didn't deserve that, this was his mess to clear up. Eddie ignored her pleas and packed his bags, flying immediately to California. He showed up at Richie's door and announced they were now living together whether he liked it or not; the comedian barely had time to jump up and down with pure joy as Eddie was dragging him to the bedroom for a thorough debauching. Or dicking down as Richie delightedly put in the following morning. And that, as they say, was that.

Eddie loved living in California but he loved living with Richie much more. He'd never dated a man before and was worried he wouldn't live up to Richie's expectations, knowing he'd been in love with him just as long as Eddie had him. He was soon reassured of his insecurities; they loved each other, he had nothing to worry about anymore. It was a few weeks into their new relationship when Myra somehow discovered her husband had left her for another man; she called Eddie everyday, hysterically rambling about how it all made sense, why he'd left - he was just confused and he should just come home. He'd been spending too long with his wretched friends and he

needed her. Eddie's only response was to expedite the divorce proceedings. He was a free man by the end of the week.

He woke up before Richie which wasn't unusual, the comedian liked his beauty sleep and was rarely up early. He showered, fixed himself some cereal for breakfast and settled at his laptop, keen to get a bit of work done before his boyfriend woke up. He'd managed to find work quite easily in California which was quite the relief. Richie emerged from their bedroom a couple of hours later, still half-asleep; his hair was a mess and he was still wearing a tacky sleep shirt and boxer shorts. He kissed Eddie's cheek as he passed on his way to get coffee.

"Good morning," Richie grunted in reply, switching on the coffee machine; he was barely human before his morning caffeine fix. That aspect of his character hadn't changed since they were children. Eddie continued typing on his laptop, "sleep well?"

Richie yawned, stirring his coffee and adding three heaping spoons of sugar to it, "yeah, eventually. We're too fucking old to be boning all night, Eds."

"Speak for yourself, old man."

"What the fuck are you doing anyway?"

"Updating my Facebook status," Eddie said with a smile, admiring the change from 'married' to 'in a relationship'; it was simple but he enjoyed taking the next step. He sighed happily, "I feel like I've been paroled from a life sentence."

"Mmm only to get another one for bad behaviour," Richie smirked, sipping his coffee. Eddie laughed, rolling his eyes; his typing made Richie raise an eyebrow, "you better not be telling everyone I cried like a bitch after we had sex the first time."

Eddie glanced over his shoulder, smiling fondly at Richie, "that was sweet."

"It was fucking embarrassing! Your first time with a guy and I'm there weeping like a baby."

"Yeah, well, don't worry, I'm just letting all the guys out there know

that Eddie Kaspbrak is back on the menu,” he was typing away again, biting his lip to keep from laughing. He could almost hear Richie’s frown.

“Fuck you. I’m the only one man enough to take you.”

“Not going to argue with that.”

Richie chuckled, sipping his coffee gratefully. He was so fucking happy he couldn’t believe his luck. He was dating the man he’d been in love with since they were boys and every day was worth getting up for. Eddie made everything about his life better - he was eating better, he was getting more sleep, the sex was unbelievable, his comedy was actually funny. He was so in love it was amazing. Eddie scrolled through Facebook until he stumbled upon something that made him spit out his coffee.

“What the fuck?”

Without looking up from his phone, Richie said, “if it’s another one of those articles about bathroom germs, dude, it’s all in your head. You’re not scrubbing the fucking walls again.”

“Shut up, dumbass. I’m dead!” He was gesturing wildly at the screen. Confused, Richie joined him at the laptop and raised his eyebrows. Eddie had found Myra’s page and there it was, news of Eddie’s passing. He held back a laugh as Eddie simmered in outrage, “Myra fucking killed me! She’s posted details about a funeral and everything.”

“She took it well, then. You leaving her for a guy.”

“It’s none of her fucking business who I’m dating now,” Eddie muttered angrily, reading aloud the message she’d posted, “*I am deeply saddened to reveal my beloved husband Edward passed away after battling a long illness. His funeral will be held this Saturday.*’ Can you fucking believe her?”

Richie was still trying not to laugh, “being gay actually fucking killed you, man. Looks like your old woman was right after all.”

“Oh, very fucking funny, asshole,” Eddie said, still fuming at his ex-

wife. Even after he'd finally left her she was still trying to control him, have some sort of power over his life or, in this case, death. He felt Richie stroking his arms reassuringly, pressing kisses to his neck - he always knew just how to calm him down. He felt Richie smirk against his skin.

"You thinking what I'm thinking?"

"We gatecrash the funeral?" Eddie suggested, without really thinking about it; the thought of humiliating Myra was too good an opportunity to pass up. Richie paused his movements, his hands resting on Eddie's shoulders.

"I was thinking we post a sex tape online but your idea is funnier."

Eddie jumped to his feet, determined to put his plan into action, "I'm going to need a disguise."

"WAY funnier," Richie chuckled, gazing lovingly at the love of his life. Eddie leaned in to press an eager kiss to Richie's lips; he darted off to the bedroom a moment later, calling over his shoulder.

"Pack your bags, hon, we're going to New York!"

"What the fuck is this?"

"Your disguise, fuckwit."

Eddie stared at the bowler hat and large fake bushy beard and looked up at his boyfriend in disbelief. Said boyfriend was currently lounging on their hotel room bed, arms tucked behind his head. He looked extremely pleased with his choice of disguise even if Eddie wasn't convinced.

"This isn't Scooby-Doo, you stupid dick. I don't want Myra to recognise me," he held up the items in front of the mirror, tilting his head to the side critically, "not yet, anyway. I want to get a good look at this shit show before we're thrown out."

"Trust me, bro. No one will be able to tell it's you with a beard," he watched Eddie run his hands over the fake beard, obviously

wondering if it was clean. He rolled his eyes, “hell, I’m not even sure I’d want to fuck you if you grew a beard,” Eddie supposed he had a point. No one had ever seen him with facial hair - he hated it! It was so unhygienic. The funeral was only a couple of hours away, he didn’t really have a choice. He quickly fixed the hat and beard in place, turning to Richie with a gesture. The comedian looked him up and down, adjusting his glasses, “well, shit, I was wrong.”

Eddie rolled his eyes, pulling on his suit jacket, “get horny later, will you? You need to get ready. We’re leaving soon.”

“Fuck you, I am ready,” Richie said, gesturing at his outfit which consisted of his usual Hawaiian shirt, grey undershirt and leather jacket. Effortlessly sexy but he didn’t want that right now; real or not, they were attending a funeral. Eddie folded his arms, talking a mile a minute.

“Are you kidding me? Are you really doing this right now? This is my fucking funeral. You’re wearing a fucking suit.”

“Eds, you’re not actually fucking dead, dumbass,” Richie stood, however, knowing already he’d lost the argument. He snatched the shirt and trousers from his boyfriend; he wasn’t actually mad but he couldn’t resist teasing some more, “I’m gonna wear a giant bee suit to your real funeral, jackass, just to fucking spite you. I won’t brush my teeth, I’ll splash about in the sewer,” he noticed Eddie’s eye twitching slightly and grinned, kicking out of his jeans and shimmying into his Eddie-approved funeral trousers, “might even fuck a hooker. How’d you feel about that, Eddie-Weddie?”

Eddie frowned, carefully removing his affixed fake beard and pushed Richie onto the bed hard. He crawled over him, pinning his arms above his head; he hadn’t meant to be seductive but, judging by the look on Richie’s face, he’d failed, “I’ll stay alive just to piss you off.”

Richie blinked up at him, "marry me."

He’d expected Eddie to be shocked or at least a little bit blindsided; like, fuck, Richie hadn’t exactly intended to just blurt it out just like that! He’d planned for romance, candles, he didn’t even have a fucking *ring* yet! Fuck Eddie and his stupid cute fucking face for

making him spit it out like that. Eddie, however, was as casual as ever, sitting back in Richie's lap and raising an eyebrow.

"Seriously? I'm literally sitting on your dick right now in a dirty hotel room and we're about to go to my fake fucking funeral hosted by my demented ex-wife."

"Is that a no?"

Eddie glanced at Richie and he could see he looked anxious, biting his lip nervously. He clearly hadn't meant to propose in such a casual way but Eddie was touched' it was perfect for them. The relaxed casualness of the whole thing warmed Eddie's heart. He quickly leaned down and kissed him; he pulled away after the brief contact, climbing off of Richie's lap.

"Try and stop me marrying you, dipshit."

Richie practically leapt from the bed into Eddie's arms, wrapping himself around his new fiancé like an octopus. He peppered Eddie's adorable giggling face with hundreds of searing kisses, resting their foreheads together.

"So, I guess we're engaged."

"Yep. Now get your fucking shirt on or we're going to be late."

The church itself was lovely but so fucking ominous. The cab stopped on the opposite side of the road and, already, solemn mourners were beginning to fill the grounds, some of them dabbing their eyes with tissues and handkerchiefs. Myra hadn't arrived yet, which Eddie was more than a little relieved about.

"Dude, do you actually know anyone here?"

Eddie scanned the mourners. Most of them were Myra's friends from yoga class or baking groups and book clubs. He'd briefly met them in passing and could recognise them but names, fuck knows. No one from work. No distant family members only there for the food. Absolutely no one.

“Not a single one. They’re all Myra’s friends, I don’t think there’s anyone here I know. Not even Pete from the office.”

“Pete?” Richie was smirking, watching a group of women gossiping to each other, all six of them wearing a ridiculously outlandish hat, “is he hot?”

Eddie rolled his eyes, unbuckling his seat belt, “yeah, Rich. He’s the sexiest geriatric CEO with a fake hip I’ve ever seen. Get out of the car, fucknut.”

They paid the taxi driver and got out of the car, slowly approaching the church; Eddie tilted his stupid hat just slightly lower, hoping no one would recognise him. This was the last place he wanted to cause a scene at. They stood as far away from everyone else as they could, observing as more unknown people turned up. Eddie would’ve been touched if he had any idea who they were; he groaned, the reality of the situation starting to set in.

“Jesus, what the fuck are we doing here, Rich? This is fucking crazy.”

“You wanna go? Just say the word,” Richie was eyeing the hearse that had just pulled up, followed by a group of serious looking people. He didn’t need to ask which of them was Myra - the woman was Sonia Kaspbrak 2.0, although he didn’t dare tell Eddie that, “I think shit’s about to get interesting, though,” he nudged Eddie, nodding towards his former family. The shorter man groaned, his forehead falling to Richie’s shoulder, “who’s that old guy over there? The one who looks like he’s about to fucking keel over any second.”

“Myra’s dad,” Eddie muttered, his voice muffled by Richie’s jacket. His arms wrapped around his waist for support; he didn’t want to move, Richie was so comfortable. He was Eddie’s comfort blanket, “they never liked me. Always said I was a queer and other horrible stuff, that I never deserved their precious daughter.”

“Well, he’s in the right place if he does fucking die,” Richie murmured, extracting Eddie’s arms from around him to hold his hand supportively. He bit back a smile only half-successfully, “hey, maybe they can put him in your coffin.”

Eddie couldn't help but laugh, covering his mouth as he did so. They were starting to get some disgusted looks, people shaking their heads in their direction. He elbowed Richie in the ribs, "oh my God, shut up, idiot. We're going to get kicked out."

"Dude, are you saying you don't want to see a homophobe snuff it at a funeral? That's comedy gold, you can't write that shit."

Eddie was still trying not to laugh as he shoved Richie inside the church; they seated themselves at the back of the service, keen to avoid running into anyone who might recognise them. Slowly, the church began to fill and sorrowful depressing organ music droned on from the altar. Richie withdrew a flask from his jacket pocket, swigging from it before passing it to Eddie. Expecting water, Eddie choked on the strong taste on whiskey.

"Dude!"

"Trust me, we're gonna need it."

They glanced at the service booklet and Richie had to pinch himself to keep from laughing at the photo on the front. It was Myra and Eddie's wedding day but he looked anything but happy; in fact, he looked like he was being held hostage. He flipped through the booklet, raising his eyebrows - every single photo had Myra in them, whether they were holiday snaps, lounging at home, even one at work. He wordlessly handed the booklet to Eddie, trying not smirk when he groaned and dropped his head onto his shoulder again. All too soon, everyone was standing and either crying dramatically or looking solemnly at the ground. Eddie and Richie were staring at the coffin being carried by four rather muscular men - well, at least they gave him something, Richie thought. Eddie leaned over to Richie, whispering into his ear.

"This is the weirdest moment of my fucking life."

"Literally," Richie whispered back, watching as Myra sobbed her little heart out, putting on a right performance. She fondly caressed the coffin containing anything but her very much alive gay ex-husband, "if I didn't know for sure Pennywise was dead, I'd swear we were back in Derry."

Everyone resumed their seats and the clergyman approached the stand, beginning the service by delivering a very moving prayer and remembrance of the 'deceased's' life. Eddie was starting to wish Richie had something stronger than whiskey in his flask.

“Eddie Kaspbrak was a good man, kind, generous. A devoted husband to Myra...”

The rest of the officiator's words were drowned out as Eddie leaned over and muttered, “I used to get myself off to one of your bits.”

“The Customer Service Porno?” Richie asked without taking his eyes off of the front of the church. The coffin was a certain source of intrigue to him.

“Yeah. Myra caught me once and I told her I found one of her bikini photos.”

Richie groaned, a tad too loudly, “why did you have to put that image in my head, man? I don't think I'll ever get it up again.”

“I'm just thankful she didn't ask me to demonstrate.”

Richie snorted in mirth, much to the ire of the couple in front of them; they turned around in their seats to glare disapprovingly at them. Richie and Eddie gave them huge, fake innocent smiles in return. The service continued uneventfully, with a few hymns neither of them had heard of sprinkled in. The whole thing was ridiculous, the work and expense Myra must have gone to to convince her close friends and family that her dear husband had passed on rather than admit to the truth of getting divorced due to her ex-husband's sexuality was too bizarre to comprehend. Richie would've admired her if she wasn't so damn crazy. She was up at the altar now, giving her own emotional, heartfelt and fake as fuck speech but Richie couldn't take his eyes off of the coffin. He turned to Eddie, questioning what had been on his mind since this whole thing started.

“What do you suppose is in there?”

Eddie shuddered at the thought. “Fuck knows, man.”

“She’s fucking loco, Eds, it could be anything,” he had ideas. Most likely, it was empty; she was a performer and she was convincing about it. Not to mention terrifying, “my money’s on a full body pillow with your fucking face on it. Couple of knife wounds here and there, Psycho-style.”

“Jesus. I’m not going to sleep tonight.” Myra eventually stepped down from the altar, pausing beside the nightmare coffin to gaze at it lovingly. Eddie took another swig of the whiskey, wincing as the warmth spread through his chest. He watched as Myra resumed her seat, rolling his eyes as everyone stood up for another boring hymn; he leaned over to his fiancé, “hey dude, at my real funeral...promise me I’ll have none of this gospel shit. Blast *Girls Just Wanna Have Fun* at full fucking volume, yeah?”

Richie chuckled, abandoning his attempt at pretending to join in, “sorry, Eds. I made a deal with the big man upstairs,” he glanced at the ceiling, indicating a higher power neither of them believed in. He looked down into Eddie’s eyes, a suddenly serious expression on his face, “you’re not leaving me behind,” Eddie smiled fondly, his eyes filling with tears. In true Richie Tozier fashion, however, the touching moment didn’t last long and he was back to cracking jokes, “make sure I have *I Want To Break Free* and, like, add some realistic banging noises under my coffin so it sounds like I’m trapped inside.”

They sat back down once again and Eddie held Richie's hand between both of his own, pressing a kiss to his knuckles. He didn’t want to think about life without Richie, that wasn’t a possibility. Hopefully, neither of them would have to face that for many years to come. Many agonising minutes later, the funeral ended and mourners began filing out of the church ready to make their way back to Myra’s house for the wake. In the cab, Eddie snuggled close to Richie, readjusting his hat and fake beard.

“Rich?”

“Yeah, buddy?”

“If I do die first...” Eddie paused, watching as Richie frowned slightly, not wanting to believe such a thing was possible, “I want everyone to

know I was a pro at sucking dick. Let it be known I was in no way heterosexual.”

Richie grinned, snaking his arm around Eddie’s shoulder and pinching his cheek fondly; Eddie squirmed, trying not to giggle at the action. The comedian kept a firm hold onto Eddie’s hand with his free one, “oh yeah, dude, no worries. I’ll tell everyone how good you were at it.”

By the time they had reached Myra’s house, the two had received more than one or two confused looks from their taxi driver.

Myra hadn’t changed a thing in the house since he’d moved out. Not a cushion out of place, not a photo untouched. An illusion of a happy marriage and content family life hung about the air. It made Eddie feel fairly nauseous. People had drifted back into the house and were milling about, chatting cheerily and eating from the catered buffet table. Myra, still playing the grieving widow, was surrounded by well-wishers and mourners expressing sympathies. The woman was in her element. Eddie was so caught up in trying to avoid her by looking at old photos where he couldn’t even recognise himself, he hadn’t realised Richie had wandered off. It didn’t take long to find him, though. Richie loved an audience and he’d found one over at the buffet table. Unfortunately, the unwitting crowd he’d selected just happened to be Eddie’s ex-wife and her homophobic father. His stomach dropped to the floor and he barrelled over to them quickly, keeping his head low and hiding behind Richie.

“These sausage rolls are to die for, Mrs. K,” he was saying, reaching over to gently nudge Myra’s shoulder. Eddie wished he was brave enough to peer around Richie to see the look on her face, “it’s not often I say that, believe me.”

“Excuse me, do I know you?”

“You haven’t had the pleasure,” Richie smiled pleasantly, wiping his hand clean on the front of his shirt, much to Myra’s disgust, before shaking her hand politely, “Bill Denbrough, nice to meet you.”

Not for the first time in their relationship, Eddie wanted to throat

punch his fiancé. Myra looked impressed for a brief moment, a small smile appearing on her face. "Oh, the author?"

"Yeah. Sorry about the endings," was all Richie had to say on the subject, stuffing yet another sausage roll into his mouth. Myra's father glared at him, clearly not at all amused.

"And how did you know Edward?"

"Oh, I knew *'Edward'* in school," Richie said, putting on a ridiculously posh accent when he pronounced Eddie's full name, "I was more intimately acquainted with his mom, Sonia, though."

Eddie wanted to throw something at Richie and strangle him to death at the same time. Myra and her father just stared at him.

"You knew Eddie from school?" Myra questioned, looking the odd stranger up and down. Eddie had never mentioned him before but he looked familiar, she just couldn't quite place him. It had to be his celebrity author status, "and you remember him to this day? He must have really touched you."

"In all the right places," Richie replied, clearly holding back a laugh. He felt Eddie stand on his foot hard and yelped, wrapping his arm around him before he could get away, "ow! What the fuck, Mike, my beautiful cock-sucking husband?"

Eddie shrugged him off and began pulling him away quickly, blushing extremely hard. It was worth it, in Richie's eyes, just to see the look on Myra's father's face. Despite the hasty exit Eddie was desperate to make, Richie still caught Myra's father's hateful tone.

"I told you I was right about that fairy, dear. Hanging around with queers, who knows what else he got up to."

Richie was ready to square up to a ninety year old man and fucking deck him. Eddie gave him a pleading look and, reluctantly, Richie followed him outside, unable to resist blowing a kiss to Myra and her dad. He was still fuming as he took out a cigarette, lighting it.

"You gave me like three fucking heart attacks all at once, dickwad." Eddie chuckled nervously, wringing his hands. Richie didn't say

anything, taking a long drag from his cigarette. Eddie sighed, "I'm sorry, Rich. I can't be brave like you. I just- I'm weak."

Richie glanced at him, reaching out to hold his hand, stroking the skin with his thumb, "you're not weak, Eds. You left your wife and flew to a state you don't know to live with a guy you forgot about for thirty years. You're the bravest guy I know. And I'm so proud of you," Eddie was only half-listening. He was watching as Myra entertained a crowd of people, regaling them with stories of her happy marriage and how much her husband loved her when he was alive. Richie squeezed his hand supportively, "let's get out of here. You never have to see them again."

"You really think I'm brave..." Eddie was still watching Myra, a frown appearing at his brow. Suddenly, he dropped Richie's hand and removed his ridiculous disguise. He straightened his jacket and smiled, "let's see, shall we?"

Richie stared dumbfounded, holding the hat and fake beard in his hands, as Eddie marched determined towards Myra. He plastered a huge fake smile onto his face, feigning shock when he reached them.

"Myra! Oh my God, I haven't seen you since our divorce," Eddie was saying, loud enough for everyone nearby to hear. Richie had to give it to him, he put on a good show. Myra stared at him, stunned, and her father looked as though he'd seen a ghost. Thankfully, she was too shocked and humiliated to say anything so Eddie continued, "I'm just passing through, thought I'd come and say hi."

"Edward?"

"Victor," Eddie greeted Myra's father with a curt nod. He looked around for show, acting embarrassed, "oh, dear...I'm sorry I didn't mean to interrupt your little tea party. Or is this a divorce party? I know mine was wild!"

He was starting to attract attention, now, many people gathering around to listen to what was happening. Victor was staring at his daughter suspiciously, clearly wondering why his former son-in-law was very much alive and discussing a divorce he knew nothing about. Myra avoided his gaze, praying the Earth would open up and swallow

her whole.

"I can't stay long, I just wanted to let you know I'm getting married soon," Eddie turned and waved cheerily over at Richie, who just stared at them, smiling awkwardly. Victor scowled, making a mental note to burn every single Bill Denbrough novel he owned. Eddie was patting his shoulder now, "looks like you were right about me, Victor. I am gay, I just wish I'd listened to you sooner."

Myra was looking like she wanted to kill him. After another fake smile, Eddie began walking away, pausing only to add, "I won't bother inviting you to the wedding. You wouldn't know real love if it jumped out of that fake fucking coffin back there. What the fuck was in that thing by the way?"

Myra didn't answer. She grabbed her father's elbow and stormed inside the house, throwing her guests out and slamming the door behind them. Despite people staring and muttering, Eddie felt elated. He didn't know where the strength had come from but he was pleased it had. By the time, Eddie returned to Richie, his hands were shaking and he was very close to hyperventilating.

"I can't believe I just did that."

"Dude, that was like the hottest thing I've ever seen," Richie said adoringly, extracting an inhaler from the inside of his jacket pocket. Eddie gratefully took it and puffed several times on the device. Richie clapped him on the shoulder, pulling him into a hug, "never been more attracted to you, Eds."

"Shut up, asshole."

They walked towards their hotel, hands entwined, stopping only to pick up take out on the way. They didn't speak any more until they got to their room, sharing food as they walked. Once in the safety of their room, they collapsed exhausted onto the bed, snuggling as close to each other as they could. Eddie rested his head on Richie's chest, smiling as his hand fiddled lazily with his hair.

"That was the weirdest fucking thing we've ever done. Like seriously. What the fuck?"

He felt Richie nod, breathing deeply, “and that’s exactly why we’re made for each other, Eduardo. The weird stuff. It’s, like, in our nature.”

“Yeah, well, next time we’re gonna do normal couple stuff like yoga or something.”

“If I get to see you in those little shorts, I’m game.”

And they laughed, looking forward to the rest of their lives together.